

1964

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE

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Democratic newspapers of Florida, of Wednesday, May 6, 1964, states that the one clear, decisive message that comes through is that the people of Florida by overwhelming vote want Senator HOLLAND to stay in the Senate so he can continue to fight this bill. The editorial added that the outcome of the election "should hearten and strengthen both Senator HOLLAND and his colleague, Senator GEORGE A. SMATHERS, in their current stand" in opposition to the civil rights bill.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the editorial be printed at this point in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the editorial was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

ONE CLEAR, DECISIVE MESSAGE

While political analysts can argue for days over what happened and why in most of Florida's primary election contests yesterday, one message from the voters came through clear and decisively:

By more than 2 to 1, they want U.S. Senator SPENSARD L. HOLLAND to stay in Washington and fight the fight he has been waging against the Johnson civil rights bill and for insistence on applying conservative constitutional principles to matters of government.

HOLLAND hardly had to come back to Florida to campaign in order to ward off the challenge from Bralley Odham, a veteran campaigner with a well-known name and a smooth line of talk who made HOLLAND's opposition to the pending civil rights legislation a central point in the contest.

The issue was plain. HOLLAND said he'd rather be defeated than back off his fight. Odham said if he were Senator he would vote for the bill without further debate. He also vowed he would take positions opposite to HOLLAND's stand on nearly the whole range of economic and social legislation in Washington.

With almost all the precincts reported, the vote this morning stood:

For HOLLAND.....	642,000
For Odham.....	280,000

There's a strong endorsement therein, and a mandate from the Democrats of Florida that should hearten and strengthen both Senator HOLLAND and his colleague, Senator GEORGE A. SMATHERS, in their current stand on the rights bill.

THE WAR IN VIETNAM

Mr. MUNDT. Mr. President, during the past weekend, which happily included a nonsession Saturday for the first time in many weeks, I, like many other Senators, had an opportunity to catch up on some back reading and to do a little independent study and research of my own.

Speaking for myself, I would just as happily have been on the Senate floor, because much of what I read, I did not like.

I had received a number of letters, as I suppose many other Senators have, from constituents concerning a disturbing article published in Life magazine. The article is entitled "We Fight and Die, But No One Cares" and consists of a number of letters written by Capt. Edwin G. Shank, Jr., to his wife, describing the fighting conditions in Vietnam.

Several of my constituents have asked me whether I had read the article and could say whether it was true or false.

I had never read it, nor could I evaluate it. However, I read it over the weekend and was both shocked and distressed by what I read.

The contents of the letters are directly opposite to the reports that members of the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which I am a member, have been receiving in off-the-record briefings from both Secretary Rusk and Secretary McNamara. Obviously, I have no way of knowing whether there was truth in the letters or not. But I assume that a man fighting on the ground in Vietnam and writing to his wife, an expectant mother, would not be writing in terms of falsification. Other evidence also indicates the veracity of Captain Shank's heart-rending reports. But if in fact Americans are actually fighting this war they surely are entitled to our most up-to-date equipment in fully adequate supply. Our Secretary of Defense has said we are now far stronger than Russia militarily. If that be true, let us start proving it in Vietnam.

Regardless, the American public is entitled to an explanation from the highest authority as to whether these letters are wrong, and how they are misleading, if in fact they are, because we have been told in the Committee on Foreign Relations that American boys are not fighting in Vietnam; that they are there to engage in reconnaissance flying, and in the training of Vietnamese personnel. But the general public is led to believe by the letters published in Life, a great magazine having a wide circulation, that the fighting in the air is being done almost exclusively by American pilots with inadequate equipment and obsolete planes. Obviously, that is either true or false. I do not know which. But the public has a right to know. The public should be told whether this information is true or false. Surely if Americans are actually fighting the air war in Vietnam with inadequate, inappropriate, and obsolete planes in far from sufficient numbers at that, this sort of maladministration of that conflict should be exposed and eliminated now.

I understand that Secretary McNamara is now enroute to Vietnam. I hope he will make a careful investigation of conditions described in the Shank letters and will place all the facts on the record.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the portions the letters of Captain Shank, published in Life magazine, may be printed at this point in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the letters were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

FROM A PILOT TO HIS WIFE: LAST LETTERS
FROM VIETNAM: WE FIGHT AND DIE, BUT NO ONE CARES

(NOTE.—Along with reports out of South Vietnam last week of attack, counterattack, and general foreboding, news was also being made by letters from a U.S. flyer who was killed there. The author was Air Force Captain Edwin G. Shank, Jr., 27, one of a tiny band of American flying obsolescent T-28 trainers in support of ground attacks. The letters were addressed to his wife Connie, who was at home in Winamac, Ind., caring for their three children—and expecting a fourth. Captain Shank's letters were

critical of the way the war was being conducted—the inferior equipment and unqualified personnel—and his criticisms were discussed in Congress and the press. But Captain Shank was also a lonely father trying to keep up the bonds with his family. Above all, he was a dedicated soldier who believed that his frustrating war had to be fought—and that the American people did not know enough or care enough about it. On these pages, Life presents a full selection from Captain Shank's last letters about his lonely war.)

THURSDAY, November 14, 1963.

DEAR CONNIE AND KIDS: Up to 12 missions now. All checked out for night work and I'm second up for alert tonight. Had another 3-hour flight this morning. We escorted choppers back and forth to a landing zone where they put troops in the field. Then we went over and struck some suspicious areas.

We're using equipment and bombs from World War II and it's not too reliable. There are only about 6 maintenance men, 6 armament men and 11 pilots down here. We 23 run the whole T-28 war in the Mekong Delta. This will give you some idea of Uncle Sam's part in the war. I goofed on my third mission out of here. I told you we had a real short runway. One approach is over trees and bushes and a couple of barbed wire fences. There is only one barbed wire fence now. I brought about 20 feet of fence home with me.

November 23, 1963: Been real busy with the armament job. Got all kinds of problems—can't get parts or books or charts describing the different bombs and systems. The Air Force hasn't used any of this equipment since Korea, and everybody seems to have lost the books. Main problem is personnel—no good officers or NCO's over here that really know their business. Most of them are out of SAC and have dealt only with nuclear weapons. This doesn't apply over here. What we need is someone from World War II. Some days it's like beating your head against a brick wall.

November 27, 1963: Happy Thanksgiving—no different here than any other day. You know damn well where I'd like to be today.

First of all woke up Saturday to the news of Kennedy's assassination. Such a terrible thing—the world is full of animals. Sunday all hell broke loose with the Vietcong. We had a big airborne operation against them—both choppers and parachutes. I'm up to 20 missions now and am real confident in myself. I feel like a veteran. I think I am older.

Although this is called a dirty little war and is far from the shores of the old United States of America, it's a big mean war. We are getting beat. We are undermanned and undergunned. The United States may say they are in this, but they don't know. If the United States would really put combat people in here, we could win and win fast.

Wednesday night, December 4, 1963—It's about 9:30—I guess, broke my watch. But I'll get it fixed next time into Saigon. Got my toe rot healed up and also my spider bite. I'm fully operational now.

I have debated for a week and a half now over telling you about Black Sunday—November 24, 1963, I'm going to tell you, and if you don't want to hear about these things again, well say so. You do have a right to know. Anyway, here is what I saw.

At 4:30 Frank Gerski and I took off after a fort under attack. Our airborne interpreter was very poor. The first target he said to hit was an area about the size of your dad's farm. Well, this is much too large a target, but it's all we had. After the first two bombs, we spotted the bad guys shooting at us. So Frank directed me in and I burned them with napalm. Then I spotted another bunch shooting great big bullets at me, so I told Frank to follow me in and shoot where I

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shot. Well, just as I had them in my gun sights my damn guns jammed. By now, dawn had broken. We were out of goodies and gas, so we came home, landing at around 0700.

We then got word that a big airlift of troops was taking place. Four of our T-28 birds went out—two to escort the choppers and two to soften up the landing zone. They came home about 2 hours later; said it was pretty hot. Two more birds took off to do the same thing for the second wave of choppers. One and one-half hours later they came home screaming battle damage. Just after the hurt birds landed two others took off—almost. I watched the first go, then waited for the second. But he didn't make it. His engine quit just at takeoff. Since the runway was short he didn't have time to stop. Hit a hidden hole and tore a gear off. So now we're down to two airplanes out of six and it's my turn. We bombed like no one has ever bombed before—we literally obliterated about 600 acres of Vietcong woods and then came home.

The Vietcong hurt is bad. What they had done was pull into the little village and commit their usual atrocities. Headquarters thought they would teach this little group of Vietcong a lesson. But the crafty little bastards withdrew from the town into fox-holes and bunkers they had been secretly building all week. So when the first wave of troops went in—thinking it was just a routine chase of Vietcong—they soon ran against the Vietcong wall.

We were lucky. No. T-28 pilot received so much as a hangnail. We've got a tremendous esprit and we're all skilled—so you can be proud of us. I am. There are no heroes over here, but there are a lot of fine men. America better not let us down. We've either got to get in all the way or get out. If we get out, the Vietcong will be in Saigon the next day.

I wouldn't read this to the kids. They might not understand. You can understand now why I have a duty over here, why it's a serious duty and no one could possibly shirk it. I believe in our cause—it's just. We must win.

Monday night, December 30, 1963: Missed mass yesterday—many things happened. I'm up to 38 missions now—I've been pretty busy.

Well, here goes. I got shot down yesterday. We were escorting a C-123 and I picked up three slugs in my airplane. I made it to a field called Con Tho and landed safely. Me and the airplane are both OK—not a scratch except the three bullet holes. No sweat.

Thought I should tell you.

Friday night, January 3, 1964: Missed supper. Com Deken and I were loading some napalm [napalm] tonight for an evaluation tomorrow. I'll try and explain the experiment. One of the airmen came up with the idea of putting chunks of charcoal into our napalm tank. Napalm is gasoline which is jelled into a mass about the consistency of honey. When you drop it, it ignites and spreads fire about 200 to 300 feet. With charcoal in it, the charcoal is thrown another 200 feet, like a burning baseball, and does further damage to Vietcong houses.

Tomorrow three birds are going out with half their load straight napalm and the other half with charcoal in it (Madame Nhu cocktail). If higher headquarters thinks it's alright then they'll buy us the charcoal. So far we've been buying it ourselves, or else borrowing it from the kitchen.

I'm going to hit the sack. It's 11:30 p.m. here now and 10:30 a.m. for you—about time for your favorite soap opera, "As the World Turns." Wasn't that it? How are things for those people? Same as last May or are they worse?

Tuesday night, January 7, 1964: Got another letter today. You can't possibly know what a letter does for morale.

Lost two guys today. One was a pretty good friend of mine. The only guess is—the airplane just came apart. B-26. Third or fourth that has done that now.

One more bit of good news. The guy who got emergency leave for their first baby. Just as he was getting on the airplane, they took him off because the commander changed his mind. Finally the guy went to the second in command over here and got ordinary leave—not emergency leave.

With ordinary leave it will take him forever to get across the Pacific. He'll have to wait for available space. Then, if he can't get back in time he's AWOL. I don't know what the United States is doing. They tell you people that we're just in training situations. But we're at war. We are doing the flying and fighting. We are losing.

Let me write again—I'll write happy. But honey, I'm so frustrated.

Thursday night, January 9, 1964: Had a good target today finally. Felt like I really dealt a blow to the Vietcong. On my second bound I got a secondary explosion. This means that after my bomb exploded there was another explosion. It was either an ammo dump or a fuel storage area. It made a huge burning fireball. You really can't tell when you roll in on a pass what is in the huts and trees you're aiming at. Just lucky today, but I paid them back for shooting me down.

Wednesday, January 15, 1964: Another B-26 went in yesterday. Nobody made it out. A couple of guys I knew pretty well bought the farm. I had met one guy's wife—real nice and they had two kids.

We can no longer save face over here, for we have no face to save. We are more than ever fighting this war. The South Vietnamese T-28's used to come down here and fly missions with us. But lately, since we've been getting shot at so much, they moved up north. I kid you not. I can't help wondering if you're in the hospital tonight—or when you get this letter. If so, you know my prayers are with you as are my thoughts. I worry very much. I hope and pray you have a good delivery and you are strong. Please don't think I've forgotten you during all those pains. God knows I'm with you as much as humanly possible.

Monday, January 20, 1964: I'm back at Bien Hoa. Back for 2 weeks. Two long weeks, but they all add up toward the 52 I've got to spend over here. It's really not 52 weeks. It's closer to eternity. I'm over here to do the best job possible for my country—yet my country will do nothing for me or any of my buddies or even for itself. I'm sure nothing will be done over here until after the elections. Why? Because votes are more important than my life or any of my buddies' lives. What gets me most is that they won't tell you people what we do over here. I'll bet you that anyone you talk to does not know that American pilots fight this war. We—me and my buddies—do everything. The Vietnamese "students" we have on board are airmen basics. They don't even know their own serial numbers. The only reason they are on board is: in case we crash there is one American "advisor" and one Vietnamese "student." They are sacrificial lambs. They're a menace to have on board.

I got three letters from you today. Actually, two from you and two from the kids. Hope Bart's party went all right. (Bart is Captain Shank's 5-year-old son.) Wish I could have been there. A birthday party is for kids and kids only. It gives them a chance to be big. It's not for grownups. Hurrah for you for sticking by your guns.

Friday, January 31, 1964: Greetings from the Soc Trang duty officer. I should get

relieved around 1500 to either fly or get a haircut—whichever comes first.

Not much word about the coup. From what we've got, this new general (Premier Nguyen Khanh) is pro-American.

President Johnson says we're going to stay and win. I hope he's right. We can't keep up like we've been 'cause we're losing. Everyone over here seems unqualified for his job. Take me. I'm a multiengine pilot, but I'm flying TAC fighters. We have no fighter pilot in our outfit.

Thursday, February 6, 1964: I thought for sure today was the day. It was all I could think of last night, so I've been expecting some kind of notification all day. It's got to be soon now. What do you think at night? Are you nervous?

Had another big chopper assault today, but we flew mostly escort. Pretty quiet assault—very few shots fired. I think they're planned that way so that no Vietnamese soldiers get hurt. I'm serious. I'm pretty well convinced that these people only go into areas that are free of Vietcong. But the Vietnamese can still put up a good front to the United States so they can get more aid. It's a known fact over here that the ARVN (South Vietnamese army units) don't receive many casualties. You know how a cornered rat fights. Well, that's the Vietcong. So the ARVN always leaves them a way free. This is fact, not rumor.

Monday evening, February 17, 1964: I'm on alert now. We don't usually pull night alert here, but all B-26's are grounded, so we are the only strike force left. A B-26 crashed last week—another case of the wings just coming off.

I'm so anxious to see my new pretty little daughter. She's probably home now. How does she like our home? I wished she missed me, too, but hell—she doesn't even know I exist.

Have you got her in the crib, or is she in a bassinette? Is she sleeping with you, or by herself in the back room?

Friday night, February 21, 1964: Haven't felt much like writing. Tuesday evening Major Fengfield got shot down. He belied his airplane in next to a special forces camp and got out without a scratch. The airplane burned completely up, though. Bernie Lukasik, one of his wingmen, kept the Vietcong away from the plane by using his prop. He was out of ammo, so all he could do was dust off the Vietcong with his prop. Took a lot of guts. We got pretty stoned that night in celebration of no one's getting hurt. Next morning, Bernie Lukasik and Denny Sides took off for Soc Trang and had a strike on the way. Bernie was going in on his seventh strafing pass and never came out of it. That was two airplanes in 2 days. Kinda shook us up. Not only that, but the B-26's have been grounded since Monday. So the whole USAF fighter force is down to six airplanes. This should set an example of how much Uncle Sam cares. Six airplanes might as well be none.

I imagine there has been something in the papers, and I thought I should explain. Needless to say, flying is down to nothing. They're saving the T-28's for emergency action only. We're changing our tactics now to decrease any chance of getting hit.

I miss you more than ever, and I will try to come home for a good long look at Patty. I hate to spread this mood to you. Have patience. Happy letters will come soon.

February 24, 1964: I make captain this Friday. I'll be at Soc Trang, so I'll be throwing my party down there. I'd like to pay for it by check 'cause it would take too much of my green. Is this OK—can we afford it?

We're down to five airplanes now. Five airplanes to fight the war—that's just ridiculous. Tell this to my dad—let him know,

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too, how much the country is letting everyone down. We over here are doing the best we possibly can; we fight and we die, but no one cares. They lie to my country about us—we really don't officially exist. They've just got to help us and soon, or we are going to have another Dienbienphu. God help us.

You and the kids are my only motivating factor. I would love to be with you now, but I would not like to be back in combat after leaving you.

Saturday morning, February 29, 1964: I'm a captain now—put the new bars on yesterday. Had the big party early this morning. Then a flight of four hangovers. We had a reporter in No. 4 ship, and he got to watch an actual strike. We want somebody to tell our story over here.

Got a lot of pictures from the baptism. She sure is a cute little girl. I'd love to get my hands on her. Don't feed her too much so she'll still be tiny when I get home. Might just as well spoil her real good, too, so she'll still need a lot of picking up when I get there.

We've got a new general in command now and he really sounds good. He has ordered B-57 (bombers, jet) to replace them (the B-26's) and he asked for immediate delivery. He's also demanded that they replace our T-28 with the AD-8. This is a much more powerful single-engine dive bomber. It was designed for this type of work and has armor plating. We're pretty excited. These were three of my main gripes. Morale has just gone up 100 percent. I think we're going in the right direction. I sure hope so.

I've got 74 missions now. One more and I earn another Air Medal. I may go to Hong Kong Saturday. Don't have to take leave that way and can save it for you and me. All the pictures dad sent are stuck together. They threw me in a shower last night and I got everything wet. Give all the kids a big love for me—their daddy is very lonely.

Friday night, March 13, 1964: This is the second installment of a letter, so if you've opened this one first, put it away and open the other.

Kinda found out by grapevine that Luke Lukaski, the T-28 jock who got killed, was not shot down. He flew into the ground. This is terrible—but good. It means of the three T-28's which have been killed, only one was shot down—and even this is debatable. So I put more trust in the airplane. If it can take the beating, it increases our odds.

I figure after my next three trips to Soc Trang I may get home for that visit.

Rumors are fast and furious. Nothing yet on B-57's. That thing you saw on TV is not true—B-26's should never fly again. Even if rejuvenated. Also rumors that B-26's pilots will get instructions in another kind of single-engine dive bomber. All is still in the air—all rumors.

Well, I've really filled the pages tonight. I hope this makes up for my not writing for so long. Got to Hong Kong and just lived as if every day was my last. It's an unexplainable mood, but I'm all right now. I can fight again for 3 or 4 months without a break—at least I think I can.

I wish I could have told you all these things in front of a roaring fire. It's hard to be a man sometimes. I sure need your shoulder.

May God be with you and help you until I can come home.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1964.

MY DEAR CONNIE: Forgot to tell you they put me back on lead status again. Been flying pretty heavy. We'll soon be back up to 13 airplanes again. Hope these last for a while.

I miss you all very much, but time is passing and we're almost halfway. I love you all.

JERRY AND DADDY.

Two days after he wrote this last letter home, Captain Shank was helping to bomb

a Vietcong force some 10 miles from his own airbase when his T-28 came under heavy ground fire. The wing fell off his plane, and the T-28 crashed. Both Captain Shank and Tu Le Trung, the Vietnamese student pilot who was with him, were killed instantly.

QUESTIONABLE APPOINTMENT OF NORMAN REDLICH TO PRESIDENTIAL COMMISSION INVESTIGATING ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Mr. MUNDT. Mr. President, I was greatly disturbed over the weekend to read a statement by Representative GURNEY, of Florida, relating to a matter which has also been brought to my attention by a number of letters and from other reports, some from constituents.

The Gurney statement announced that Norman Redlich, a New York University law professor, had been appointed to the Warren Commission, which is investigating the tragic consequences flowing from the assassination of President Kennedy, and trying to determine the motivations, associations, and connections which may or may not have been held both by the assassin, Oswald, and his assassinator, Ruby.

I find, not only from what Mr. GURNEY said, but also from a little independent research that I have done to verify it, that Norman Redlich, who is on the payroll of the Warren Commission at \$100 a day, is an admitted member or associate of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which is one of the notorious Communist fronts of this country. I was distressed when I read that, so I went back to see whether there was any documentation, and I find that there is, in governmental reports about that organization.

Someone in a responsible position on the Commission should tell us why, on a commission that is charged with doing a fair, honest, objective job, a commission which is supposed to be a blue ribbon commission, should bring into it at least one—I understand possibly there is a second—representative from an organization which is admittedly Communist.

This takes on more serious implications when we recognize how the Communist world and its publicity machinery tried to pollute the minds of the world originally immediately upon the assassination of President Kennedy, to condemn the city of Dallas, and to show that the assassination was the result of a rightwing conspiracy. In this instance, too, I think the public should be told the facts.

I have learned that last week Fulton Lewis, Jr., made a series of broadcasts over the Mutual Network in connection with this subject. I ask unanimous consent that the text of the broadcasts by Mr. Lewis on this subject, one on May 5 and one on May 6, be printed at this point in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the broadcasts were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

NEWSCAST BY FULTON LEWIS, JR., MUTUAL BROADCASTING CO., MAY 5, 1964

Representative EDWARD J. GURNEY, Republican, of Florida, said today that a consultant to the Presidential Commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy has been a member of three organizations cited as Communist fronts by committees of the Congress, and named the individual as Norman Redlich, a New York University law professor. The Chairman of the Commission, of course, is Chief Justice Earl Warren, whose selection was somewhat controversial because of remarks which he made at the time of the assassination, to the effect that the crime was "stimulated by forces of hatred and malevolence, such as today are eating their way into the bloodstream of American life." He also has been criticized for his statement that some of the information gathered by the investigating panel might not be released in your lifetime.

Representative GURNEY said that Redlich is being paid \$100 a day as a legal consultant to the Warren Commission and that J. Lee Rankin, staff director of the Commission, has confirmed Redlich's associations with the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, the National Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the Youth Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Mr. Redlich himself confirmed the fact that he is a member of the National Council of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee but that he has had no connection with the other two groups. He admits having signed petitions calling for the abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The records in Congress show that Norman Redlich lives at 29 Washington Square West, New York City.

They also show the following:

On April 16, 1955, Norman Redlich was a speaker during a forum held by the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee at 165 West 57th Street, New York City, entitled "Labor and Livelihood Under Tyranny," and he spoke on the fifth amendment to the Constitution.

According to a handbill which advertised a meeting sponsored by the ECLC (the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee) to be held February 24, 1961, at Judson Hall, New York City, one of the speakers to be was identified as Prof. Norman Redlich of the New York University Law School. It is reported that on this occasion, Mr. Redlich spoke on the history of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the legal rights of witnesses when appearing before such bodies.

The Worker, official east coast newspaper of the Communist Party, in its issue of June 24, 1962, contained an article entitled "25 Law Professors Endorse Black's Dissent in McCarran Decision." Justice Hugo Black was one of the four dissenting Justices in the 5-to-4 Supreme Court decision on June 5, 1961, requiring the Communist Party to register with the Government. The announcement was made by the ECLC and among the 25 signers of the statement was Norman Redlich.

In December, 1961, Norman Redlich was among the speakers who appeared at a rally at Manhattan Center, New York City, sponsored by the New York council to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities and in June of 1962 this same organization circulated a form letter which appealed for manpower and funds to be used during the summer months to help elect Congressmen pledged to vote for the abolition of the House Un-American Activities in the present Congress. The name of Prof. Norman Redlich was listed on the letterhead as a member of the advisory committee of the New York organization.

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In November 1963, a mimeographed leaflet was distributed by the Permanent Student Committee for Travel to Cuba, which supported the defiance of 59 young Americans who traveled to Cuba in the summer of 1963 with regular passports against the wishes of the State Department. Among those listed in support of the statement in the leaflet was Norman Redlich, professor of law, New York University. (It should be remembered that Lee Harvey Oswald was connected with the Fair Play for Cuba group.)

In February 1962, it is understood that a petition was being circulated which was a plea to the President of the United States urging executive clemency in the cases of Carl Braden and Frank Wilkinson, who, at the time of the circulation of this petition, were imprisoned as "first amendment victims," for refusing to answer congressional questions about their possible Communist affiliations. One of the signers of this petition was set forth as "Prof. Norman Redlich, New York."

The exact citation on the ECLC by Congress is found in the 1961 Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications, page 69, as follows:

"The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is an organization with headquarters in New York, whose avowed purpose is to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities and discredit the FBI. . . . The committee finds that the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, established in 1951, although representing itself as a non-Communist group, actually operates as a front for the Communist Party. It has repeatedly assisted, by means of funds and legal aid, Communists involved in Smith Act violations, and similar legal proceedings. One of its chief activities has been and still is, the dissemination of voluminous Communist propaganda materials."

The citation continues with further details, but that's all we have time for tonight. I'll pick up the rest of it tomorrow night, but it is interesting to know that this Norman Redlich, is being hired as legal consultant at \$100 a day by Chief Justice Earl Warren's Commission investigating the assassination of the late President John F. Kennedy, some of the information in which investigation may never come to public light during our lifetimes for security reasons. Was there no other lawyer in the country the Commission could find for this job except Professor Redlich?

NEWSCAST BY FULTON LEWIS, JR., MUTUAL BROADCASTING CO., MARCH 6, 1964

Last night, I reported to you on the fact that the Warren Commission, investigating the assassination of the late President John F. Kennedy, has on its staff as a legal adviser at \$100 a day an individual named Norman Redlich, who, according to records of congressional committees has been or is presently associated with two officially cited Communist front organizations, specifically the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee—the so-called ECLC—and the National Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Unfortunately, I did not have time to give you the full record on that occasion so I promised to finish it up this evening.

I should note, perhaps, that Representative EDWARD J. GURNEY, of Florida, said he is also connected with a third organization, the Youth Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, and that Mr. J. Lee Rankin, staff director of the Commission of which Chief Justice Earl Warren is chairman confirmed, according to Representative GURNEY, that Redlich has been associated with all three. Mr. Redlich himself admits being a member of the National Council of the ECLC, but denies any connection with the other two organizations. Ac-

tually, the Youth Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee is merely the youth adjunct of the main committee of the same name, so technically, it would appear that if he is associated with one he is also associated with the other.

As for his denials that he is associated with either one, the records show that in December 1961, Norman Redlich, who is an associate professor of law at New York University Law School, was among the speakers who appeared at a rally at Manhattan Center, New York City, sponsored by the New York Council To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, which is the New York area chapter of the national organization and they also show that in June of 1962, this same New York council circulated a form letter which asked for volunteer workers and contributions of money to be used during the summer months of that election year to help elect Members of Congress who would pledge themselves to vote for abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The letterhead, on which the appeal was sent out, listed Prof. Norman Redlich, as a member of the advisory committee of the New York Council To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The official House publication entitled "Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications," dated December 1, 1961, contains the following citation on page 115:

"NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO ABOLISH THE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

"Cited as a new organization set up in the summer of 1960 to lead and direct the Communist Party's Operation Abolition campaign. Seven of the national leaders of this group have been identified as Communists."

So much for Mr. Norman Redlich and the National Committee To Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee. Now let's go on to the question of the other organization—the ECLC—the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. On this score, I cited to you last night a number of specific associations from the record which Mr. Redlich had with that organization, plus the fact that he admits being a member of the national council of the organization, but there is other material that I did not have time for.

For one thing, as late as April 13 of this year, a paid advertisement was carried in the New York Times, and I understand it was also carried in the Washington Post here in behalf of the ECLC, appealing for funds, carried the name of Norman Redlich as one of the sponsors and there is an interesting association he had several years ago.

It concerned a man named Harry Magdoff, who had been identified by Elizabeth Bentley, the confessed former espionage agent, as being a member of the Soviet espionage group which was active in the early 1940's and was headed by Victor Perlo.

The Records show that Magdoff was called to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee on May 31, 1961, in answer to a subpoena in connection with the Fund for Social Analysis, of which organization Magdoff was president. Magdoff, in his appearance before the committee was accompanied by his counsel Norman Redlich. Magdoff, when asked to produce the documents called for in the subpoena, said that he had no such documents. He took the fifth amendment to several questions asked him by committee counsel which included whether he had been a member of the Communist Party, who the officers of the Fund for Social Analysis were, and the source of income for this fund.

Now, getting back to the ECLC, of which he admits being a member of the national council, let me again read to you from the same publication which contained the other citation, page 69:

"EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE

"1. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is an organization with headquarters in New York, whose avowed purpose is to abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities and discredit the FBI. . . . The committee finds that the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, established in 1951, although representing itself as a non-Communist group, actually operates as a front for the Communist Party. It has repeatedly assisted by means of funds and legal aid, Communists involved in Smith Act violations and similar legal procedures. "One of its chief activities has been and still is the dissemination of voluminous Communist propaganda material.

"Frank Wilkinson (the active field director of the ECLC) was called as a witness when he appeared in Atlanta as a representative of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee to propagandize against the Committee on Un-American Activities and to protest its hearings. In 1956, Wilkinson was identified as a Communist Party member by a former FBI undercover agent within the party. Summoned at that time to answer the allegation, his reply to all questions was 'I am answering no questions of this committee.' This also became his stock reply to questions when he appeared during the Atlanta hearings. . . . Wilkinson has since been convicted of contempt of Congress and sentenced to 1 year in jail.

"Disputing the non-Communist claims of the organization, the Committee finds that a number of other individuals connected with the ECLC also have been identified under oath as Communists.

"2. To defend the cases of Communist lawbreakers, fronts have been devised making special appeals in behalf of civil liberties and reaching out far beyond the confines of the Communist Party itself. Among these organizations are . . . the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. When the Communist Party itself is under fire, these fronts offer a bulwark of protection."

I should explain that the first of those citations was by the House Un-American Activities Committee and the second was by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

That pretty well wraps up the story on Mr. Norman Redlich who works at \$100 a day as a legal advisor on Chief Justice Warren's Commission to investigate the assassination of the late President Kennedy. Representative BEERMANN, of Nebraska, on the floor of the House, called the situation one of the greatest miscarriages of appointive judgment in the history of American Government, and demand that he be fired and that a full investigation be made as to how he ever got hired.

Mr. MUNDT. Mr. President, among other things, we find that one of the paid staff members of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, with which Mr. Redlich is connected, is Mr. Philip Luce. Luce was one of the organizers of the student tour of Cuba.

Last week Luce signed an advertisement in a newspaper which is an arm of the Communist Party. The advertisement stated that if drafted into the armed services, he would not fight in Vietnam. This advertisement was also signed by several others.

I submit that the American public is entitled to know why this type of individual, connected with un-American associations, has crept into the Warren Commission.

How can Americans possibly accept as valid, objective, and unbiased, a report prepared under such conditions? I hope that before holding further hearings—